

Ly bliftring fore the vifitaring Sunne,  
And were good Kings, when living.

*Thef.* It is true, and I will give you comfort,  
To give your dead Lords graves:

The which to doe, muft make fome worke with *Creon*;

1. *Qu.* And that worke presents it felfe to'th doing:  
Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow,  
Then, booteles toyle muft recompence it felfe,  
With it's owne fweat; Now he's fecure,  
Not dreames, we ftand before your puiſſance  
Wrining our holy begging in our eyes  
To make petition cleere.

2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,  
Drunke with his victory.

3. *Qu.* And his Army full  
Of Bread, and floth.

*Thef.* *Artesius* that beft knoweft  
How to draw out fit to this enterprife,  
The prim't for this proceeding, and the number  
To carry fuch a buſineſſe, forth and levy  
Our worthieft Inſtruments, whilft we deſpatch  
This grand act of our life, this daring deede  
Of Fate in wedlocke.

1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands  
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay  
Commends us to a famiſhing hope.

*All.* Farewell.

2. *Qu.* We come unſeaſonably: But when could greeke  
Cull forth as unpang'd judgement can, fit't time  
For beſt ſolicitation.

*Thef.* Why good Ladies,  
This is a ſervice, whereto I am going,  
Greater then any was; it more imports me  
Then all the actions that I have foregone,  
Or futurely can cope.

1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming  
Our ſuit ſhall be neglected, when her Armes  
Able to locke *Iove* from a Synod, ſhall

By

By warranting Moone-light corſlet thee, oh when  
Her twynning Cherries ſhall their ſweetnes fall  
Vpon thy taſtefull lips, what wilt thou thinke  
Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what care  
For what thou feelſt not? what thou feelſt being able  
To make *Mars* ſpurne his Drom. O if thou couch  
But one night with her, every howre in't will  
Take hoſtage of thee for a hundred, and  
Thou ſhalt remember nothing more, then what  
That Banket bids thee too.

*Hip.* Though much unlike  
You ſhould be ſo transported, as much ſorry  
I ſhould be ſuch a Suitour; yet I thinke  
Did I not by th' abſtayning of my joy  
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their ſurſeit  
That craves a preſent medicine, I ſhould plucke  
All Ladies ſcandall on me. Therefore Sir  
As I ſhall here make tryall of my prayres,  
Either preſuming them to have ſome force,  
Or ſentencing for ay their vigour dombe,  
Prorogue this buſineſſe, we are going about, and hang  
Your Sheild afore your Heart, about that necke  
Which is my ſfee, and which I freely lend  
To doe theſe poore Queenes ſervics.

*All Queens.* Oh helpe now  
Our Cauſe cries for your knee.

*Emil.* If you grant not  
My Siſter her petition in that force,  
With that Celerity, and nature which  
Shee makes it in: from henceforth ile not dare  
To aſke you any thing, nor be ſo hardy  
Ever to take a Husband.

*Thef.* Pray ſtand up.  
I am entreating of my ſelfe to doe  
That which you k neele to have me; *Fyrithous*  
Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods  
For ſucceſſe, and returne, omit not any thing  
In the pretended Celebration: Queenes

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